

Where They Found Ephraim.

Ephraim was sleepy. He had followed Danny upstairs. Danny was sleepy, too. His mother was busy in the kitchen, and had not heard her little boy's feet clumping up the stairs. But Ephraim had; his ears were sharp. So he crept up behind Danny. When the top stair was reached, Danny began to yawn, and so did Ephraim on the stair behind him.

'I dess I'll have a nap,' lisped Danny, climbing on his mother's bed.

'I would like to go to sleep, too,' purred Ephraim—'but not on the bed! I got a whipping the last time I slept there.'

So he crept softly across the room until he reached the closet door. It was ajar. Ephraim's paw opened it wider.

'I'll climb into that basket; it will be a softer place than the bed,' purred the cat.

He curled himself up among the heap of clothes in the basket, and had soon purred himself to sleep.

Danny woke from his nap first—a long-time first! When his mother came upstairs he was sitting up in the middle of the bed rubbing his sleepy blue eyes and wondering how he came there.

His mother dressed him in a clean white dress, and told him to go downstairs and play with Ephraim.

'I tan't find Efwum, mamma!' Danny called from the foot of the stairs, after he had searched in every room for his pet.

He was in the dining-room just after dinner, dear,' his mother called back.

'Well, I tan't find him now,' answered Danny. 'I've hunted ev'rywhere for him.'

'Perhaps he has gone to sleep somewhere,' Danny's mother said, in a comforting tone, as the little boy came trudging back up the stairs, calling, 'Efwum! Efwum!' at every step.

But at supper time the little Angora kitten with a long name had not made its appearance, and Danny went to bed in tears.

In the morning the search for Ephraim began again. As he

scarcely ever went out of doors, it did not seem possible that he could have run away; so every room and closet and nook and corner was searched, until Danny's little feet were so tired that again he climbed to his mother's bed, and this time he cried himself to sleep.

When he awoke the telephone bell was ringing—22-2! 22-2! 22-2! My! How it did keep going!

Danny slid from the bed and ran to call his mother. He met her coming up the stairs, for she, too, had heard the three rapid calls, and was hurrying to answer them.

Danny stood very still beside her, listening. He always liked to hear his mother talk through the funny black tube. The voice at the other end sounded so much like Punch and Judy.

'Hello!' his mother's soft voice was saying. Danny thought she ought to speak louder, so the one at the other end could hear better.

But in a minute or two he heard a far-away voice calling: 'Are you 22-2?'

'Yes, 22-2,' his mother answered; and then in a low tone to herself: 'Why, it is the laundry-man! What can he want!'

'Have you lost a kitten?' came through the tube.

Danny could not possibly wait another minute. He put his lips up close beside his mother's, and in his little piping voice shouted: 'Yes; we've lost Efwum!'

'Well, if it is a kitten you mean, it is here with your clothes—jumped out of the basket when we opened it. We've fed it, and will keep it until called for. Good-by!'

That night a very happy little boy clasped the long-lost kitten in his arms; while Danny's mother declared that she never should leave the cover off the basket again, for she would much rather wash Ephraim at home than send him to the laundry.—Selected.

Two Sides of a Shower.

'Spitter, spatter,' fell the rain on the windowpanes. What a pity when that was the very day that Jack and Jill were going to have a picnic under the big walnut tree! Jack was a boy, and of course wouldn't cry about it; and Jill tried to be manly too, till at once

she remembered the little round cakes with holes in them. They were already packed in the basket. Nearly any girl would cry when she remembered those cakes.

'Maybe it will stop in a minute,' suggested mamma.

'I 'spect it's goin' to rain forever,' answered Jack, crossly.

Jill couldn't say anything at all.

Uncle Fred whistled. He looked at mamma, then out of the window, then at the children, and back at mamma. She laughed and nodded 'yes.'

'If Jill keeps on like that, we'll have more water inside the house than out,' he said. 'We can't have the house soaked with water that way. Just wait until I come back,' and in a minute they could hear him upstairs.

Jill had already stopped crying, and Jack's face wasn't nearly so long and sober; for Uncle Fred always thought of such nice things to do.

There hadn't been half time enough to wonder, when there he was back with an armful of clothes. In two minutes more he had Jack inside a last year's suit, while mamma was buttoning the bottom button of Jill's faded blue gingham.

'Oh, I know! Goody, goody!' cried Jack, as he started for the yard. And there wasn't a tear on Jill's face as she followed.

Then began such a shower bath out in the rain. It felt so funny that Jill had to shut her eyes and laugh. And only to run through the grass and not mind getting wet.

But the best time was when they found the corner where the water was shooting out of the spout. Uncle Fred and mamma watching from the porch had to laugh, too, when Jill took a tumble into the little lake it made.

Long before they had done half the things to be done, the rain had stopped and the little clouds had all run away.

Of course it was too wet to have the picnic under the big walnut, but they had it in the attic instead. After it was all over a little boy with a very clean face and a little girl with all the curl out of her wet hair stood again and looked out of the window.

'Picnics are fun,' said Jill.

'But rain is funnier,' said Jack; 'and I wish it had rained forever.' —'Round Table.'